Sunday School ADVOCATE

J. D. FELTER - ENG.

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Jack and his Pets.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD

THERE isn't a dog that Jack doesn't know, or that doesn't know Jack. If he happens to go outside of the house for a minute or two, or has a particular errand to do, no matter how softly or swiftly he steals, there is always a pack of dogs close at his heels.

One reason, I think, is that good-natured Jack so frequently whistles, and pats on the back old Cosmo and Major, who live on the place, that the other dogs know he's a friend to the race, and are friendly to him, though in trouble he gets quite oft on account of his four-footed pets.

But first I must tell you how the dog Cosmo came to have such a very remarkable name. A big, black Newfoundland old fellow was he, who was born and brought up within sight of the sea, and fond of the water, as all such dogs are. He would swim for a stick thrown out ever so far, and many a life he had saved, and no fear was felt by the bather when Cosmo was near.

A sociable dog, he was always at home wherever his fortunes compelled him to roam; by any one's fireside cosily curled, most truly a citizen of the wide world, and so Cosmopolitan suited him well, although rather too long, and so it befell that Jack's father, without any mournful ado, went to work and just cut it completely in two! Not the dog! O my dears, no, indeed! but his name; and Cosmo kept wagging his tail all the same.

One day on an errand went good-natured Jack, with orders to hurry immediately back, for the oven was just in condition to bake the pudding Jack's mother intended to make. He ran like a kill-deer; the pitcher was light, and Cosmo and Major were nowhere in sight. He was fond of rice pudding, and thoughts of the treat in some way or other lent wings to his feet.

But when from the dairy he turned slowly back, two dogs overtook him and recognized Jack, and seeing he had something good, though so dumb, they said just as plain as they could, "Give us some!"

The biggest held Jack closely pinned to the wall, till he thought every minute the pitcher would fall; when all of a sudden he happened to think to give a shrill whistle, and, quick as a wink, came Cosmo to rescue his master, and growl at the mean little curs, who went off with a howl.

Jack's mother reproved him for being so long in doing his errand; 'twas certainly wrong. But when he and Cosmo the reason explained—that two highway robbers the milk had detained—she said that old Cosmo hereafter should go for protection, for sometimes a friend was a foe.

MOCKING-BIRDS can imitate human actions as well as human voices, it seems. A Macon (Georgia) paper says that two pets of this stripe got jealous of each other and undertook to fight it out in desperate fashion. One of them, getting enough of it, sang out, "Quit, quit," and followed this up by crying, "Police!" And there was a policeman within hearing, who came up and stopped the fight.

Emily's Fifteen Cent Bill.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

LITTLE Emily Parker had just received a bright new bill from her Uncle Charley, and she felt as rich as possible.

"I shall get a pretty red ball with a rubber cord to it," said she. "Then, too, I'll get an orange and some nice candy; and perhaps Bridget will give me some cookeys. So, dollie, you and I shall have a grand party. Come, Queen Isabella, you must be dressed up for the occasion."

Emily then took her great wax doll and was soon busy dressing it in blue silk. She then got her other dolls and had a little chat with them.

"If you are very good, Dora, I'll let you come to my party. Baby, dear me, you've nothing to wear. Besides, I don't think the queen would like to sit down to the table with a one-armed, forlorn-looking creature like you, so you had better stay up in the nursery. There! don't cry! It can't be helped now. I'll send you up some goodies. Jennie, my child, you can wear your new pink crape; but mind you don't soil it, or behave rude in company."

"Why, Puss, whom are you talking to?" asked her Aunt Mary as she entered the room where Emily was at play.

"O, auntie! is that you? I was only talking to my dollies about a party we are to have this evening."

"Wont you invite me, too?"

"Yes, if you will please be so good as to take me out to buy the things."

"Is it going to be such a grand party that you will have to go out and buy your goodies?"

Emily laughed merrily at her aunt's surprise, showed her the nice new bill, and told her what she meant to get with her money.

"Well, dear, put on your things and we will go at once, for I have some errands to do for your mother."

Emily was soon in readiness to accompany her aunt down town, and when they reached the stores her aunt told her to wait a moment upon the steps for her while she went in to pay a bill. Right next to the store where the aunt entered was a bakery, and the window was filled with all sorts of tempting things, pies, tarts, loaves of cake, buns, etc. Soon Emily saw two little ragged, bare-footed children come near to the window and look in.

"O my!" cried one child, "don't it look and smell nice?"

"Sure and it does; but I guess looks and smell is all we'll be after getting for our dinner to-day."

"Then let's make believe eat lots of buns and tarts."

"O, aren't they good?" replied the other poor child, smacking her lips in pretense at eating.

Emily listened to the children's strange talk, then looked at her fifteen cent bill and thought of all she wished to get with it; but another glance at those poor, thinly clad children decided her.

"Do you want those tarts?"

The little girls gave a start, and turned around to see from whence the low, timid voice came, and there stood little Emily right near them. Again she asked if they wanted something to eat.

"Yes, miss. We have taken a good sniff, and been making believe eat the good things; but poor mother and Johnny are sick, and can't get out to even do this."

"Why, hasn't your mamma any thing to eat at home? No bread, nor potatoes, nor any thing?"

"No, miss. We have eaten up every thing there was in the house to eat, and mother's too sick now to earn more money, so we came here to make believe get something."

"And you want some buns and tarts?"

"I guess bread will do us all more good."

"Then you shall have some!" And away darted Emily into the store.

The loaf of bread she found was ten cents, and as there were five cents left Emily hoped she could get a nice tart; but the man told her those rich tarts were six and eight cents a piece.

"Then how much are the buns with currants on the top?"

"I can let you have two for five cents, miss."

The five cents were laid upon the counter, and Emily eagerly took up a couple of buns and ran out to the children.

"There, take the loaf of bread to your mother, and you can play tea party with the cakes. I meant to have a party myself out of my money, but you need it most."

The poor children were so greatly surprised at Emily's generosity that they hardly knew how to thank her. They could only hug up the precious loaf of bread, smile, and bob their heads as long as they could turn round and keep the little girl in sight.

Just as they had turned a corner Emily's aunt came out to her.

"Well, little one, have I kept you waiting a long time? I did not mean to stay so long, but there was some trouble in getting my bill rightly made out. Now shall we go to the candy store?"

"No, auntie, I don't want any candy to-day."

"Don't want any candy? Why, I thought you invited Queen Isabella to a party to-night!"

Emily laughed, and said she guessed her ladyship would have to go to bed without the party. She then told her aunt of the two little girls who were trying to satisfy themselves with smelling and making believe eat good things; of how hungry they looked, and how glad they were to get a loaf of bread.

Aunt Mary was so much pleased on hearing what her dear little girl had done with her money that she felt just like giving her a good hug right in the street. But she took her hand, gave it a warm squeeze, and said:—

"Darling, you have made a good use of your money, and I am quite sure you'll feel far happier when you think of that poor sick woman and those hungry children eating the bread, than you could possibly have done had you selfishly bought the candy and neglected their wants."

And Aunt Mary was right. For it was a truly bright, happy child who was heard talking to her dollies that afternoon.

"Queen Isabella," said she, "we must give up our party to-day, and O! for ever so long, for auntie says there are lots of poor children all over town who need bread and can't always get it. So now I'm going to save all my pennies for them instead of buying fruit and candy."

Dear little Emily kept her word; and many a poor, worthy woman, when sick or in trouble, had cause during the long, cold winter months to feel grateful toward the little girl who helped to keep them from almost starving.

A Perilous Achievement.

DIRECTLY opposite the Winter Palace, in St. Petersburgh, and one of the most conspicuous objects on the whole line of the Neva, is the citadel or old fortress, and in reality the foundation of the city. I looked long and intently on the golden spire of its church, shooting toward the sky and glittering in the sun. This spire, which rises tapering till it seems almost to fade away into nothing, is surmounted by a large globe, on which stands an angel supporting a cross. This angel, being made of corruptible stuff, once manifested symptoms of decay, and fears were entertained that it would soon be numbered with the fallen. Government became perplexed how to raise it; to raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more than the angel was worth.

Among the crowd which daily assembled to gaze at it from below was a roofer of houses, who, after a long and silent examination, went to the Government and offered to repair it without any scaffolding or assistance of any kind. His offer was accepted; and on the day appointed for the attempt, provided with nothing but a coil of cords, he ascended inside to the highest window, and, looking for a moment at the crowd below, and at the spire tapering away above him, stood on the outer ledge of the window. The spire was covered with sheets of gilded copper, which, to beholders from below, presented only a smooth surface of burnished gold; but the sheets were roughly laid, and fastened with large nails, which projected from the sides of the spire. He cut two pieces of cord and tied loops at each end of both, fastened the upper loops over two projecting nails, and stood with his feet in the lower; then clenching the fingers of one hand over the rough edges of the sheets of copper, raised himself till he could hitch one of the loops on a higher nail with the other hand. He did the same for the other loop, and so he raised one leg after the other, and at length ascended nail by nail, and stirrup by stirrup, till he clasped his arms around the spire, directly under the ball. Here it seemed impossible to go any farther, for the ball was ten or twelve feet in circumference, with a small and glittering surface, and no projecting nails; and the angel was above the ball, as completely out of sight as if it were in the habitations of its prototypes. But the daring roofer was not disheartened. Raising himself in his stirrups, he encircled the spire with a cord, which he tied round his waist, and, so supported, leaned gradually, until the soles of his feet were braced against the spire, and his body fixed almost horizontally in the air. In this position he threw a cord over the top of the ball, and threw it so coolly and skillfully that on the first attempt it fell down on the other side, just as he wanted it. Then he threw himself up to his original position, and by means of his cord climbed up the smooth sides of the globe, and in a few moments, amid thunders of applause from the crowd below, which at that great height sounded only like a faint murmur, he stood by the side of the angel. After attaching a cord to it he descended, and the next day carried up with him a ladder of ropes, and effected the necessary repairs.

Poor Johnnie.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

HE roams the streets with ragged coat
And little shoeless feet;
That tender form is trudging on
Through wind and rain and sleet.

Sometimes the baby in his arms,
In clinging, close embrace,
And such a sad and hungry look
In the wan, weary face.

Poor little Johnnie! in his home
No pleasant meal is spread;
There waits not for the weary form
A soft and snowy bed.

No sweet-voiced mother welcomes him;
The hearth is dark and cold;
Alas! for the poor little boy,
What doth the future hold!

A drunken father drives away
All comfort from the door,
And at his work or at his play
Poor Johnnie laughs no more.

How many wretched homes like this
Doth rum and sin create;
It maketh demons in our land,
And childhood desolate.

THERE would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.

Sunday-School Advocate.

NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.
ASSISTED BY
J. M. FREEMAN, and
MARY A. LATHBURY,
"Aunt May."

How a Strange Man Lived.

MANY years ago there lived in the city of New Orleans an eccentric man who was very rich, and had the reputation among some of being mean. He lived frugally, and spent sparingly. He was very diligent in attention to his business, and being a shrewd man he gained great wealth.

People wondered what he would do with all his money when death came, and he could no longer keep it. They thought it strange that he should spend so little on himself, and live as he did a life of self-denial that would have done credit to many a poor man.

But all this time this strange old man knew what he was about. He had great projects in his brain that no one knew excepting himself, and the lawyer who wrote his will. He cared not how much people laughed at him and called him stingy; he knew right well that when they should read his will after he had gone they would form a different opinion of him.

By and by he died. It was in the year 1850, and he was over seventy years old. When his will was read, it was discovered that he had been toiling and saving for many years for the purpose of founding orphan asylums, one in Baltimore, where he was born, and the other near New Orleans, where he died. Thus the name of JOHN M'DONOGH passed among those who have been the benefactors of their race.

Over his grave in the city of Baltimore there is a fine monument erected by the city authorities. On it are engraved, among other things, the following rules, which were found in Mr. M'Donogh's handwriting. They were written when he was a young man, and he no doubt endeavored to live up to them:—

"RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF MY LIFE IN 1804.

"Remember that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.

"Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

"Do unto all men as you would be done by.

"Never put off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day.

"Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

"Never covet what is not your own.

"Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.

"Never give out that which does not first come in.

"Never spend but to produce.

"Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

"Study in the course of your life to do the greatest possible amount of good.

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality.

"Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence.

"Pursue strictly the above rules, and the divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but first of all remember that the chief and great study of your life should be to tend by all the means in your power to the honor and glory of the divine Creator.

"The conclusion to which I have arrived is that without temperance there is no health, without virtue no order, without religion no happiness, and the sum of our being is to live wisely, soberly, and righteously.

"*New Orleans*, March, 1804. JOHN M'DONOGH."

These are good rules, and any man who lives by them cannot fail to succeed in life. He may not become rich, as Mr. M'Donogh did, for some men never can get rich, but he will be happy and useful.

If any of our readers choose to try the experiment, they will be interested to see how that almost all of these rules, if not every one of them, can be found in the Bible. Take them one by one, and see if you cannot find some passage of Scripture that has the same good advice in it. Rules for our life that are founded on the Bible are certainly wise and safe.

A Little Boy's Faith.

A LADY teacher in Chicago writes as follows:—

"While giving my class the lesson on the 'New Birth,' I remarked that while there were many things Jesus gave us without our asking, there were some he never would give us if we did not ask for and really feel our need of, one of which was a clean heart. One little boy about six years of age said to his mother on going home, 'Mamma, there is one thing I have never asked Jesus for —a clean heart.' 'Well, my dear,' said his mother, 'you can do so now every night when you pray.' 'O, no, mamma,' he interrupted her, 'not *every* night—only *one* night and he will do it.' Was that not a faith that pleased God?"

Street Boys.

THERE are thousands of poor boys in New York, and in other cities, who have no home but the streets, and who make a living as best they may. They black boots, or sweep crossings, or sell papers, or run on errands. In summer they sleep on the benches in the parks, or on the steps of dwellings, or on the sidewalk. In cooler weather they find shelter in boxes, or under piles of lumber, or in market houses. In winter many of them have bunks in lodging houses which charitable people have provided for them.

These boys, from their roving habits, are sometimes known by the name of "street Arabs." Wild, indeed, they are. You see them in the picture dancing a jig in the street, just as the wild Arabs would dance in the desert. Yet, wild as they are, they are for the most part very sharp at a bargain. Some of them grow up to be rough, wicked men, while others who are cared for by kind people make good citizens. They are to be pitied, and ought to be helped in every way to make an honest living.

Helps to the Lesson for December 5.

The sepulcher. This was a chamber cut out of the rock. On the sides were niches or openings in the wall, each of them large enough to contain a body.

She stooped down. The entrance was a low doorway, and probably descended several steps below the surface.

One at the head and the other at the feet. This shows that in this sepulcher the niches were so cut that both the head and foot of the opening could be seen, the body being put in side-ways. Sometimes the niches were cut the other way, so that the body was placed in the opening feet foremost, only the head being toward the spectator.

Rabboni. A title of respect given to Jewish teachers, and meaning *our Master*.

THOSE are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

Spectacles.

IT is odd, but very true, that many people will insist on wearing spectacles when there is no need of them. Even very young persons fall into the habit, and put on the glasses, and then looking around they see the world sadly distorted. Sometimes they magnify all the faults and failings of their friends. "Miss S. is good-looking, but so freckled;" "Mr. S. is good-natured, but very stupid;" or "Mrs. S. is generous, but what a voice!"

How should we appear if our friends in turn borrowed the spectacles, and looked at us through the same magnifying glasses. Then there are jealous green spectacles, that make us almost sick with envy, and we think how happy and satisfied and contented we should be if we could only step into our neighbor's places; but a little worse than those, perhaps, are the dismal black spectacles, through which if we look all of the sunshine is taken directly out of our lives. The sky is gray, the trees are gloomy; every thing is dismal and dreary, and the world seems a sad place. Every body had better die than live, for they certainly will die some time. The rain will certainly ruin the crops, the damp will breed a pestilence, or the sun will surely scorch and burn every thing to a cinder. Beware of the black spectacles. But in laying them away do not try on the one-sided glasses, for if you do you will only understand one half of every subject; and argue as people may with you, they will not be able to make you comprehend that there must be two sides to every thing in this world.

Better than these are the rose-colored. How lovely the world is and every body and every thing in it. Skies are always clear, nature ever beautiful; no one is ugly, or false, or wicked—nothing is dismal or wrong! Ah, it is very pleasant to look through such spectacles, but there is only one defect, they are not quite true; and when we take them from our eyes we may come to grief, when we see that we have been bitterly deceived.

If we must wear spectacles let us try and wear clear, truthful glasses, the best kind of all, for then we shall see people as they really are, and perhaps they will help us to see "ourselves as others see us."

Douglas Jerrold.

AFTER an evening friendly talk with a party which included the late Douglas Jerrold, the two friends, Charles Knight and Jerrold, (between whom a close friendship had subsisted for many years,) walked homeward together. In the course of the evening the conversation had turned upon epitaphs, and Knight, half in jest, half in earnest, had asked the great wit to write his epitaph for him. The incident escaped Knight's recollection, but, on arriving at the point where they were to part, it was recalled to his memory by Jerrold himself. "I've got the epitaph for you," said he. "Well, what is it?" "Good (K)night." And with that they parted.

Politeness.

THE perfection of politeness is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Mr. Lear in his "Journey of a Landscape Painter in the East." He was taking a parting cup of coffee with the postmaster of Pella, when he had the misfortune to set his foot on a handsome pipe-bowl. Crash, went the bowl. The Mohammedan sat unmoved. Mr. Lear apologized. "The breaking of such a pipe-bowl," said the postmaster, "would, indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable; but in a friend every action has its charms."

Berean Bulletin.—1875.

Sabbath, December 5.

1. Lesson:
JESUS AND MARY. John xx, 11–18.

2. Topic:
The Risen Christ Comforting a Weeping Disciple.

3. Golden Text:
Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene. Mark 16. 9.

4. Home Readings:
M. John xx, 11–18. *Th.* Acts xiii, 23–37.
Tu. John xx, 1–10. *F.* 1 Cor. xv, 1–20.
W. Mark xvi, 1–11. *S.* Psa. xvi, 1–11.
S. Rev. i, 4–29.

[Answers to questions in the Bay Window, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to Miss Mary A. Lathbury, Box 121, Station D, New York.]

We feel very much at home here, don't we, children? We come in here for a cosy talk every week, and tell each other scores of things in a confidential way, quite forgetting that thousands of curious and, we believe, kindly eyes are peering in at us from—every-where! Some of them are *not* young eyes, but we do not fear them when they look kindly at us. This week we have a letter from the other side of the world.

One doesn't hear from China every day, so listen, children, with both your ears while our good missionary, Mr. Baldwin, "rights" a wrong story.

"Foochow, Aug. 27, 1875.

"*Dear Aunt May:* You may not care to be aunt to an *old* missionary, but you are aunt to all the children; and parents, you know, often adopt the nomenclature of the children. The "Bay Window" in the Sunday-School Advocate for July 3 had a piece about "Chinese Women" in which this sentence occurred: "I have seen, says a traveler, a woman with four children strapped to her back and rowing a boat, while her husband lay in the cabin smoking his pipe." Now, the traveler referred to is my good wife; but she never told such a huge yarn as that. I will give a concise history of the matter. When we were in America, in 1870–2, Mrs. Baldwin sometimes addressed audiences of *women only.* Men were always trying to thrust themselves in among "the elect." At St. Luke's, New York, a reporter of the *Times* promised to hide away under a bench, and to give a "beautiful" report, if he only might remain; but he had to leave. At Central Church, Newark, my sister marched a good brother out who had the temerity to venture in on the plea that he wanted to see his wife. In general the over-curious among men were kept out. But, alas the evil day! once in Philadelphia, when the overworked missionary lady was too weary to make the effort necessary to keep the men out, some of the preachers smuggled themselves in, and among them came the reporters. And now see the sad result! The lady said she had seen a woman, rowing a boat, with a babe four days old strapped to her back. That was bad enough; but the reporter must needs transmogrify it into *four babies!* In that shape it traveled over the United States; and when we returned to China an English friend said, 'Mrs. B., I see you lectured when you were at home; I saw an account of some things you said in my local paper from England.' She replied, 'I hope it wasn't that four-baby story!' To which he answered, 'That is just what it was.' And now the story has got back to America, to find a place in the Bay Window. Now, dear Aunt May, do tell the children that 'the traveler' didn't see *four babies*, but *one baby four days old*, on the poor woman's back. That baby is more than four years old now, and is doing well; but I don't believe she will outlive the reporter's story. Yours truly, S. L. Baldwin."

And now for the roll-book of the L. L. The column lengthens week by week, to our great satisfaction. Miss Millie Jacobus, whose graceful letter you read a few weeks ago, writes again and asks to join the Legion. You are all glad to welcome her, of course. We give an extract from her letter as it contains some hints of value. If you feel a desire to act upon them write us all about it. Miss Millie writes of the little gifts she is preparing for the city hospitals and orphan houses, and adds:—

"How I *do* wish I lived in New York, or some other city; it seems to me I could do so much more there than here. Are there not a great many children in New York in need of clothing? It is so difficult now to obtain work that many, no doubt, who have never known the meaning of poverty before, will suffer the coming winter. It is terrible to think of innocent children freezing or starving, while the greater part of the world 'passes by on the other side.' As I can never become an LL.D., may I do the next best thing and become a member of the L. L.? I suppose you intended it only for children, but you know grown people are only 'children of a larger growth,' and I think they need to sign the pledge of the L. L. quite as much as the children, at least *I* do, so please take my name, Aunt May."

We take it with pleasure. Miss Millie is seventeen, and will not be really "grown up" for some years.

We promised last week to repeat the original plan of Look-up Legion for the benefit of the large number who have since become readers of the Advocate. Let all who have written us letters of inquiry concerning the society read the following carefully.

LOOK-UP LEGION.

"Look up, and not down;
Look out, and not in;
Look forward, and not back,
And lend a hand!"

There is a ring of the right metal in these four lines.

"Look up, and not down." Are you always cheerful, making the best of things that can't be helped, and not stopping to grumble over difficulties? Do you look up for all you need, and trust God to give it to you? Do you walk with a firm step, hold up your head, and look people sincerely in the face when you speak to them?

"Look out, and not in." How is it about that little circle which bounds your *self*-life? Do you go outside for the sake of others, or do you live mostly inside? Are you occupied more with thoughts and plans and work for the good of others than with *your* thoughts, *your* plans, *your* work and pleasures? And do you think less about your own difficulties than of helping others out of trouble?

"Look forward, and not back." Have you an aim in life, and are you keeping your eye on it? Do you "forget the things that are behind," and keep moving?

"And lend a hand!" That sounds stirring and strong! To be sure you lend a hand; you are too generous to refuse. But do you seek opportunities when it is most needed, and do you help when it costs you something, or perhaps hurts your pride? And is it the habit of your life instead of a spasm of generous feeling?

In three words, are you cheerful, hopeful, and helpful? Then you have learned our four lines of wisdom by heart.

And now what say you, boys and girls of the Bay-Window group, to a society for the promotion of the spirit of this motto—for we will take it for our motto.

We should like to receive the names of any who will take it into their hearts and lives for *every-day use.* We will call ourselves

"Look-up Legion."

And now let the boys and girls ask themselves if they can heartily put their names on the roll of the "L. L." This involves no promise to do a very difficult thing; it is a promise to try to carry out the spirit of our motto. If there is any thing about it that perplexes you let us hear from you.

Pledge.

"We, the undersigned, wish to be manly and womanly, and Christian in our character, and we therefore pledge ourselves to be, as far as we are able, truthful, unselfish, cheerful, hopeful, and helpful; to use our influence always for the right, and never fear to show our colors.

"We also pledge ourselves to use our voice and our direct influence against

"Intemperance;
"The use of vulgar or profane language;
"The use of tobacco;
"Affectation in dress or manner;
"Disrespect to the old;
"Ill-treatment of the young or unfortunate;
"Cruelty to animals.

"We will aid and support each other in carrying out these pledges and the spirit of our motto."

Tomb of a Saint.

The picture represents the tomb of a Mohammedan saint. The graves of the most eminent of these saints are each covered with a stone, or brick edifice, called a *welee.* It has a dome or cupola over it varying in height from eight to ten feet. The outside is whitewashed with lime, and within lamps are often hung, and the grave itself, which is inside of the building shown in the picture, is covered with carpet, strings of beads, and sometimes with costly ornaments. The Jews in the time of Christ were in the habit of treating their tombs in this way.

Now open your Bibles to Matt. xxiii, 27, 29, and see if you can read any thing there that this picture illustrates.

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